

Break

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Summary: A Wash/CT fanfic. CT breaks Wash's favourite ceramic cat and tries to get it fixed before he comes home.

Break

Day 01. Soft

>Day 02. Opportunity
Day 03. Control

>Day 04. Duck
Day 05. Break

>Day 06. Change
Day 07. Possible

Break

CT stared intently at what now remained of Wash's ceramic cat statue, as if her will alone would undo the damage. When that failed, she knelt down beside the broken remnants and carefully scooped the pieces into her hand, biting her lip in concentration. All the while, the real cat observed her from the couch, offering moral support. After she finished cleaning up the remainder of the mess, she placed the broken pieces into an envelope, slipping it into her coat pocket. She pulled on her boots, quickly explained the situation to the cat (so he would not be troubled by her sudden disappearance), and left the house, locking the door behind her.

She waited patiently at the front desk for someone to respond to her call for assistance. When no one came, she rang the bell a few more times and thought she heard a thud and a muttered curse from the adjacent room. A few seconds later, a woman appeared, smiling as she approached. CT noted that a new bruise was forming just above her left eyebrow. That explains the noises I heard. "Can I help you, ma'am?" the receptionist asked her in a pleasant sing-song tone. She nodded and pulled out the envelope, emptying the contents onto the desk. "Can you fix my cat."

>The receptionist frowned, shaking her head. "I'm sorry ma'am, but no."
It was CT's turn to frown. "Why not?"

>"We only work with *living* animals here. If you're looking to get it repaired, or replaced, try visiting the store you bought it

from."

It was only a short drive from the VET to the small ceramics store where Wash had purchased the cat. CT entered the shop and approached the counter, scanning the shelves for any sign of cats. She rang the bell several times, and was soon greeted by a man dressed in a rather odd assortment of clothes. He smelled of roses, but it wasn't a pleasant scent-the sweetness was sickening. CT tried to hide her reaction, but couldn't help screwing up her nose at the smell.
>He didn't seem to notice.<p>

This time, she cut right to the chase. "Can you fix my cat," she said. The man silently scrutinised the pile of broken pieces that had once been a cat, then shrugged. "It may be possible, but I think it'd be more trouble than it's worth. Would you, perhaps, be interested in a replacement?"

>CT asked him to show her the cats, and the man obliged. She examined the display of ceramic felines for quite some time, but could not find the cat she was looking for. The man offered her a beautiful striped orange cat, and recommended several others, but she refused each one.<p>

When he had exhausted his supply, he asked her why it was so important to find the same cat. "The grey one was Wash's favourite," she explained. The man apologised that he could not supply her with the one she was looking for, and CT left the shop empty-handed.

She arrived home, and collapsed onto the couch, not bothering to take off her boots. The cat came over and jumped up beside her, affectionately rubbing its head against her arm. She sat there for a while, unsure of what to do, until a thought hit her. _I'll fix it myself!

>So she grabbed some glue and a brush from the cupboard and began her work, biting her lip as she concentrated on putting the pieces back together. The cat watched on in silence.

Some time later, Wash returned home to find CT asleep on the couch, with glue-covered hands and the cat curled up beside her, purring contentedly. She woke with a start, surprising both Wash and the cat. "I'm sorry, Wash," she said, standing up to face him. "I tried to fix it, but..."

>"Shh." He placed a hand on her face and gently stroked her cheek. "What's wrong? What did you try to fix?"
"Your cat. The grey one. I broke it, and I couldn't find a replacement and the pieces were too small to glue together and-" she bit her lip and lowered her gaze. Wash glanced over at the half-assembled cat on the table and smiled softly. "Don't worry. Thank you for trying to repair it, and being honest, but it doesn't matter. The cat isn't the most important thing in my life."

>He lifted her chin so he could look into her face. He kissed her forehead to remove the frown, then pressed his lips softly onto hers.<p>

End
file.